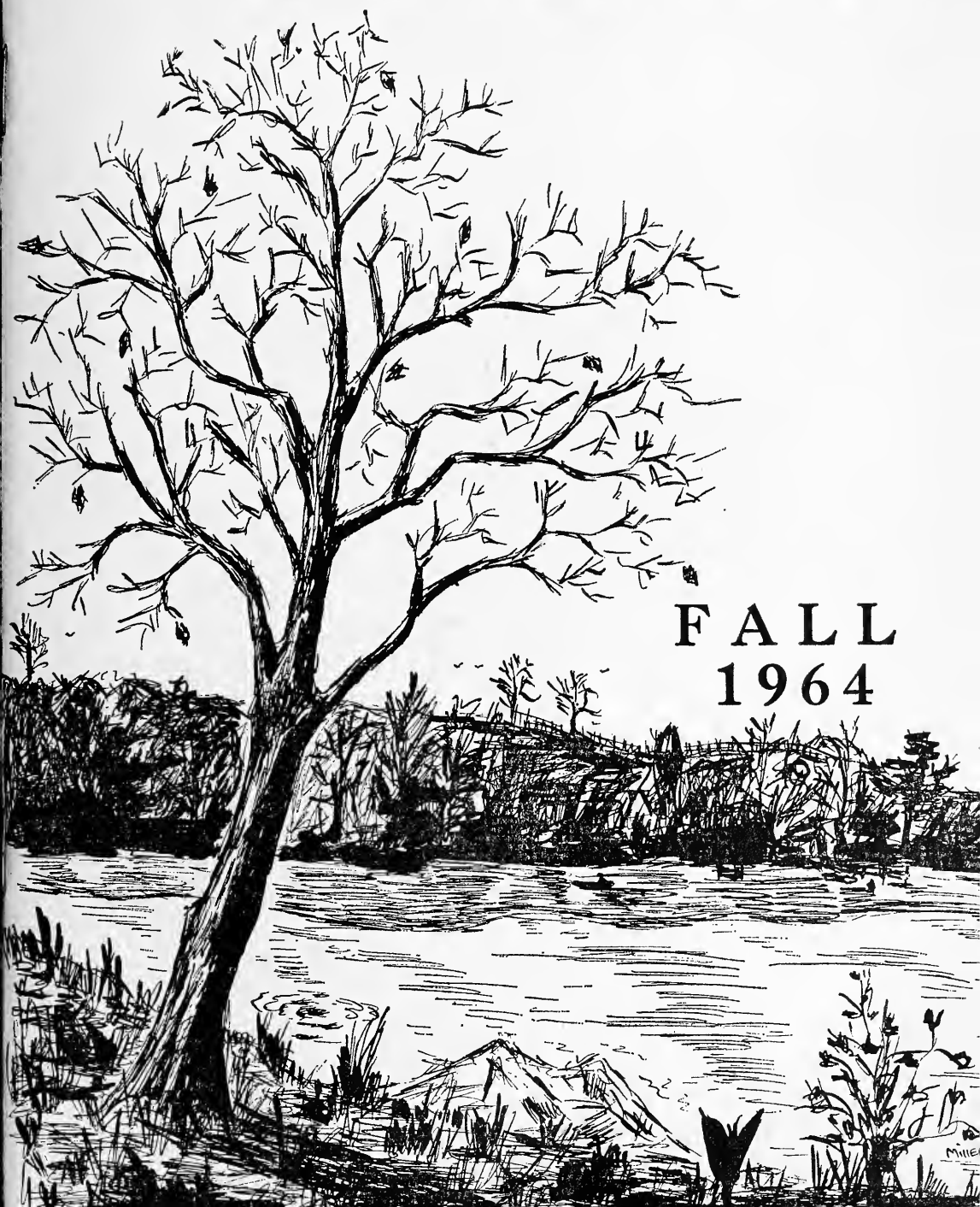



# IVY LEAVES



FALL  
1964



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# IVY LEAVES

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Vol. II

FALL, 1964

No. 2

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When IVY LEAVES was a new publication in the spring of 1964, students were asked to submit suggestions for an appropriate title. Ellen Tillotson offered a most apropos title. Her suggestion took hold in the minds of the students of Anderson College. In keeping with this established title, we again dub this semester's literary magazine, IVY LEAVES. Mike Miller is the artist.

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## **Editorial**

Selections in IVY LEAVES are composed by members of the Anderson College Community.

In the spring of 1965, another magazine will be published, establishing the IVY LEAVES literary yearbook as a tradition at Anderson College.

We wish to express our appreciation to those contributors, who through their interest, have made this publication possible.



## Southern Autumn

New beauty greets my gaze  
In every nook and bend and turn  
Along the road these days.

The stately poplars standing high,  
Like yellow torches seem to burn  
Against an azure sky.

While dogwoods tint as if they bled,  
And maples splash gay color as they turn  
From green, to gold, to crimson red.

The gum that grows along the brook,  
A neighbor to the sedge, and rush, and fern,  
Shows every varied color in the book.

While stolid oaks, along the hill  
Where sumac crimson glows, turn  
Deeper red and ever deeper still.

And luscious orange along a bank  
Marks sassafras (as I have come to learn),  
Whose root is strong, whose growth is rank;

And always pine, with deeper green,  
Provides a contrast dark and stern,  
That all these others may be seen.

While here beside me golden rod  
Waves gleaming stems aloft and bids me learn  
That color is a gift of God.

—W. F. WEST, JR.

## Vision

A vague image comes closer,  
Expressing as it emerges  
Detailed and distinct  
Whispers gently by;  
And fades into nothingness  
Reality in the space of a sigh.

—RANDY CHAMBERS

---

## Revelation In A Doctor's Office

But a speck of dust am I  
Among this world of human kind.  
I toil and sweat and strive to gain  
A place where I can live in fame;  
Only to be told one morn,  
That all too soon the end will come;  
And I shall go from whence I came,  
The dirt, the dust, the clay.

—MICKEY TROTTER

---

## Burning Bridges

The bridges are burning behind me now.  
The bridges are burning—I don't understand how  
They caught fire,  
But I'm thankful for the flame.  
Perhaps it was the desire  
To leave those other roads  
That created the spark  
Which set those bridges to burning.  
But now I hear the faraway cry of the dark  
Caused by the smoke of the burning bridges.  
The bridges are burning behind me now,  
But the darkness does not frighten me,  
For I know that when the smoke clears,  
I'll be able to see  
The brightness ahead--  
I'll be able to build  
Roads without bridges  
And travel toward a field  
Of new life--  
The bridges are burning behind me now!

—PEGGY BROCK

## Retrospection

Oh bleak world . . . What have I lived for?  
There is nothing to grasp  
My soul has outlived strength  
I reach out to eternity but what is there . . .  
Nothing -- only divine hope--  
A recollection of things to come and a sureness  
of faith which is borne within.

—LENA M. PLATT

---

## Thought Patterns

A soggy,  
sodden,  
solemn day.  
  
Heartache,  
misery  
despairing soul.  
  
A hapless life,  
ill-spent,  
unfulfilled.  
  
Vanished dreams,  
thoughtless words,  
total oblivion.  
  
Have faith.  
A day will come.

—SANDRA KYTLE

---

## Scope

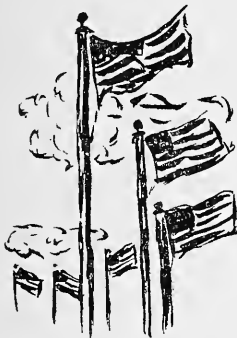
As a pebble upon the beach,  
As a star in the heavens,  
As a human being in our existing state,  
Our importance as great.  
  
To view the pebble in fascination,  
To view the brightest star in its splendor,  
To view a man in God's image,  
The beauty of a thing so minute.  
  
From a receding tide deposited  
From a galaxy complexed  
From a society uniformed  
Our individuality retained.

—MICKEY MITCHELL



## Stars And Bars

The bloody and battered figure staggered through the smoldering meadow dotted with the still forms of the once war-hardened soldiers; he noticed the eccentric look of the frozen faces. He fell forward beside the cool stream, cupping the water to his face. He looked into the water and turned his head when he saw the red tinge of the water, accented by the moonlight lancing through the sulfur-scented air.



Unconsciously he had still been clutching the tattered and dusty flag, and now used it to remove most of the dried and caked blood from his aching face and head. Groping his way over the upturned battlefield, he recalled the sounds of the screaming horses, the roaring cannon, the flashing guns, the clashing swords, and the echo of the pounding feet of the shuffling men and their equipment as the fighting had swayed back and forth across the once quiet field.

Coming back to the present state of things, he realized that he was the only stirring figure in the deathly still meadow. He began to wonder what the outcome of the battle was. If his side had won—where were his fellow comrades? Had they moved on, pushing the enemy farther and farther back, or were they regrouping just over the hill preparing for another advance? What if they had lost? Why hadn't he been taken prisoner, or in the mass confusion had he been overlooked or forgotten? No matter what, he still must find his lines.

As he moved into the woods along the edge of the meadow, he felt the spine-chilling cold steel on the back of his neck. He froze as he heard the voice—"OK! Reb, that's all for you."

After the doctor had tended his wounds and given him the usual "shot," he was placed alongside the rest of the men in the hospital. Tears came to his eyes as he thought to himself — "I should have stayed at home with Ma for all the good I've done here." Just then he heard two men talking outside the tent.

"Sir, that Reb unit over by the creek today, what regiment were they in?"

"I don't know, Sergeant, but I don't think our boys would have made it, if their flag hadn't gone down in our last charge. I don't believe I have ever seen a group of men hold their line as well as they did. They may have fallen back, but in their retreat they reduced our men by at least a third. We could have won today, Sergeant, if it hadn't been for that bunch of boys; they didn't show much yellow. What do you think, Sarge?"

He couldn't hear the rest of the conversation . . . He had heard enough to know that his unit had done their job . . . and done it well . . . and he was a part of that unit . . .

—PAT ROEDER



## Prima Ballerina

With billings from 'Frisco to Broadway,  
La Ballet Rousse de Monte Carlo  
Stars the Prima Ballerina,  
The widely-traveled Miss Snow.

With pirouettes, fouettes and cabrioles,  
And perfect balance on toe,  
She dances The Sleeping Beauty,  
The scintillating Senorita Snow.

Her arabesques in The Dying Swan  
Prove her a virtuoso,  
Gracefully twirling, dizzily whirling  
This Anna Pavlova, Fraulein Snow.

All the world's her wintry stage;  
She's always on the go,  
Inspiring hearts to dance with her,  
Our cosmopolitan Mademoiselle Snow.

(Written during an East Tennessee snow storm)

—ELIZABETH B. TISDALE

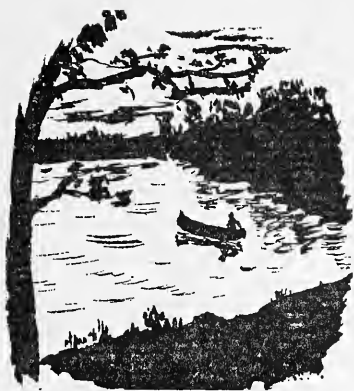
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## Love Of Friends

Man strives for glory, honor, fame,  
That all the world may know his name.  
Amasses wealth by brain and hand;  
Becomes a power in the land.

But when he nears the end of life  
And looks back over the years of strife,  
He finds that happiness depends  
On none of these, but love of friends.

—DONALD YEARGIN



## **"Bury Me At Twilight"**

Bury me at twilight—

When the day is on the verge  
Of napping, and the night is just beginning to wake.

Bury me as the shades of pink and blue  
Combine into the peace and quietness  
Of night.

Bury me as the stars open their eyes  
And twinkle their yawns of brightness.

Bury me beneath Mother Nature's perfumed  
Green velvet—

Overwhich the dew whispers its  
Cool calmness.

—PEGGY BROCK

---

## **Reality**

When dream after dream is shattered,  
And life seems an empty thing,  
I know how much dreams mattered,  
Because of the hopes they bring.

But now my dreams are battered,  
There seems little left for me,  
Now all my plans are scattered,  
I'm lonely as I can be!

Yet a dream is just a dream;  
And life is how we live it.  
It's what we are, not seem;  
What we give, and how we give it!

—ELIZABETH C. LEE

## DEATH

Beyond the realm of tomorrow  
and the wage of today,  
Lies Death.  
Silently, he creeps on his haunches  
Striking without warning  
His prey-----Unknown  
You or I?-----A mystery.  
The silent uncertainty of death,  
It shall come to all.  
Beware, he shall visit your door.  
Are you prepared?  
The knock of death, and the  
doors beyond are in your hands.  
There is no escape, no where to  
hide, no place to run.  
Beware, it shall come to all.

—LARRY KING

---

## Stormy Night

The tempest is raging,  
The winds are high;  
Master, keep my soul,  
Until the storm passes by.

My eyes are blinded,  
I cannot see  
What of tomorrow?  
What shall it be?

The night is so dark  
And I'm alone;  
Guide my weary footsteps,  
Until I reach home.

—LOTTIE LEE CLEVELAND

---

## A Cloud

I wonder what it would be like to be a cloud  
To drift on lazily in God's blue sky.  
To fluff and fade as the wind will have  
To fly, to limp, to simply lie.  
Clouds are endless as the sea:  
They come, they go, they'll always be.  
This is how I think of God  
How I picture him to be.  
A spirit so much like the cloud  
Big, with love, and endlessness.

—JACKIE ANDERSON

## **In Search Of Life**

A Man is,  
And longs to know,  
"What is life?"  
Life can be seen—  
And heard—  
And touched—

Life can be lost,  
But is it lost  
Forever?  
Or, only lost in measure?

Man ever cries,  
"I have so little time  
In which to live  
Oh, to be immortal  
Then I could live forever!"

But life is never owned  
Nor held  
Nor kept forever.

Is life then  
Time—  
Love—  
Money—  
Heaven or Hell  
Is Life God?

—PATSY WRIGHT

---

## **Ex nihilo nihil fit\* Out of Nothing, Nothing Comes**

In spite of the gaze of world-tarnished friends,  
Time remembers time well-spent, then ends.  
Beware lest the crashing tide of unimportant things  
Ocean into the stagnant tarn of emptiness,  
Or flood the star-blazed destination to engulf the vision  
And mist into evaporated dreams and bleak delusion.

—CAROL GIBSON

---

## **Solitude In Shelter**

Solitude is my shelter,  
Hiding me from the glaring eyes  
Of all who feed on the wretchedness  
Of their fellow citizens.

Darkness and then Death,  
Obliterate all hatefulness  
And transport me to my Utopia!

—MIKE MILLER



## **The Hurricane**

Blow, you treacherous winds, blow!  
Blow till your force is over  
Destruction and waste lie behind  
All your fury.  
Shameful winds of nature  
Unleash your temper, then fade into nothingness  
You've taken your toll, now go!  
For here I lie in my grave to keep  
Safe from your fleeting, mighty sweep.

—RANDY CHAMBERS

---

## **INFINITY**

Nothingness surrounded by a void of black  
Echoing into an empty world  
Crawling without hope of gaining time  
Hearing silence make a boring beat.

Filling without chance of overflow  
Burning for a lifetime evermore  
Falling into endless fathomed depths  
Climbing out of sight to heights unknown.

—TIM HICKS

---

## **Potentialities**

Casey at the bat,  
Great potentialities at the plate;  
Will our swings at life  
Be like his, and too late?

—BOYD BRITT

# The Stupidity Of Men

\*"But 'Twas a Famous Victory"

I reached into my pack, pulled out a pair of wire pliers, and crawled on through the barbed-wire entanglement. I could smell human flesh burning. My heart was beating so hard I seemed to feel the ground vibrating beneath me.

I stretched forth my hand, and it grasped something clammy and hard. It was the face of a dead soldier. All of a sudden, I became deathly sick. I vomited for nearly an hour; never had I seen such inhumane horror.

They tell me I'm fighting to preserve freedom. Who can think of loyalty to a country when you've hardly had anything to eat all week, or haven't changed clothes in a month? Twenty millimeter shells are my alarm clock. I go from day to day, hoping I can breathe a few more minutes before my life is expired.

As I lie here, I think. I killed a man today. I didn't know his name. I didn't know how old he was, or whether he had a wife or children. I do know he was a human being, a person fully capable of hate and love. I remember so vividly the sound of the bullet tearing human flesh, the thud as he collapsed to the ground. I only hope God will forgive me for such a disdainful inhuman act.

I don't know whether I'm sick or sorry for myself and all humanity. I do believe I did what I had to do.

I do not feel ashamed of the act, but of the ungodly reason which provoked it—the stupidity of men.

\* The author entitled this article "The Stupidity of Men" but the staff could not resist adding "But Twas a Famous Victory," from Robert Southey's "The Battle of Blenheim" in which a grandfather having been asked by his small grandson what good came of it at last, replied: "Why that I cannot tell . . . But 'twas a famous victory."

—LANE KOWALSKI

---

## Discretion

There are some things to be admired  
from a distance.  
Risk not the chance to destroy its  
beauty by impatient intrusion.  
Arise and arouse thyself while  
time is patient.  
Approach not the thing without a  
full concept of its being.  
You arrive, you feel the change,  
Quick, return before it is gone.

—SHIRLEY VICK

## A Miracle

Is it more a miracle to feed  
Five thousand with the loaves and fishes,  
Than with earth and air and rain and seed  
To feed earth's millions all the time from dishes?  
Is it more a miracle that one  
Babe was of a Virgin mother born,  
Than that within the course of every sun  
Countless thousands do biologically come?  
Is it more a miracle Lazarus to raise—  
Jairus' daughter, or Nain's widow's son—  
Than from the second death a soul to save  
And freely cleanse him of his sins each one?  
Methinks that every deed in this world spherical  
Which only God can do is quite a miracle.

—ROBERT S. MOORE

---

## Youth Deceased

Hark! O Hark! the leaves are now falling  
Upon the palladian shores  
Forming earth's pall palling  
And softly opening winter's doors.  
Eight and twenty years or more  
They peregrinated their path  
Of sadness and those filled with laugh.  
Of sadness and those filled with laugh . . .  
Gone are those days in full flower,  
To retrogress, Ah nevermore!  
Leaving behind youth's young hours  
Escaping from its vert bowers.

—WILLIAM ROWLAND

---

## Extracts of Contrasts

I once knew a lady by the name of Sadie  
Who talked incessantly,  
But for all she could say  
In a year and a day  
In one sentence or less  
It could always be said best.

There is the excellent man  
By the name of Van  
Who lives within this land.  
Speaks not a word  
Is careful with his cud  
But for all his prudence  
Much--said of his silence.

—WILLIAM ROWLAND



## **"Wedding Bells"**

Ah, listen there!  
Do you dare  
Say you hear nothing?  
Do you not hear the wedding bells  
Or see the stars in my eyes?  
Do you not suspect the wells  
Of happiness in which I swim?  
Surely it is something most weird  
That makes me act so—  
It is even feared  
I am somewhat detached.  
Ah, the bells are louder now,  
And I can not see how  
To walk, so brightly shine the stars!  
I've searched and searched my mind  
And no true sickness or fever can I find.  
Ah, could only be one conclusion  
To account for so much confusion—  
Alas, I've found the man I'm going to marry!  
Ah, I must not tarry  
Long, for I have work to do.  
For you see,  
He doesn't know it yet!

—PEGGY BROCK

---

## **A Response to "Thomas Rymer"**

Indomitable, smiling in passive surety  
may walk a charming lady;  
Crackling, or refreshing she bids her entrance  
"May I in confusion melt your passion?  
May I with wretched pathos  
your innocent heart fill?"  
Thus walks this epitome of perfection  
staunch and righteous blares her heart.  
Honest am I and thrice as loyal  
with love and passion I long to show thee  
With quiet hand and silent heart  
let me introduce you to the mighty Morpheus.

—CAROL GIBSON

## Know Thyself

"Know thyself" is a wise old admonishment,  
And an endeavor that can bring you astonishment.  
Take for example my experience as a child  
When I went for a walk in the solitary wild.  
It just so happened that the pathway I took  
Led over a bridge that spanned a brook.  
As I crossed this bridge, before farther going,  
I desired to view that stream there flowing.  
I peered over the edge, and what did I see?  
I saw there a face staring back up at me!  
It startled me so, that in my dismay,  
I suddenly felt like running away;  
But with childish curiosity I again viewed the pool.  
The second look made me feel like a fool,  
For I then realized before those woods I had left,  
That the child in the water was my own self!

As now I look back on the event just cited,  
I laugh to think I was so easily affrighted;  
But upon me this impression was made that day,  
An impression that never has faded away:  
If we'll take time to walk under the wide open sky,  
We'll become better acquainted with the fellow called I.

—LARRY CRAIN

---

## "Ah Heck!"

How many times have you said, "Ah Heck"?  
Many, many times I bet.  
When nothing goes right;  
Even for something quite trite;  
"Ah Heck" is the emotional outlet.

How many times have you said, "Ah Heck"?  
Many, many times I bet.  
When you knock something over;  
Or lose a four leaf clover;  
"Ah Heck" is the emotional outlet.

How many times have you said, "Ah Heck"?  
Many, many times I bet.  
When you lose your best friend  
And are feeling chagrined  
"Ah Heck" is the emotional outlet.

"Ah Heck," "Ah Heck," anyone can say;  
Do better, think better, say better;  
No one has a perfect day.

—RANDY TURNER

## Image Of Love

Of course, we knew it had been only three days ago, but did that make any difference to Amy? She could not grasp the idea of what had happened. Amy knew there was some disrupted phase, but little did she know of the truth.



Of the service, she remembered little. She had mentioned to her aunt the fact that the organ music was pretty. But she was bewildered at all the flowers.

In the little country church in Macon, Georgia, on a misty afternoon, Amy's mother was buried.

Little Amy's mother had been ill for some time, and away in the hospital. The only concept Amy had of her mother was a little China figure of the Virgin Mary that her mother gave her before she became ill.

Aunt Martha sat across the room from the lovely child and with tears trickling down her face, her heart-broken aunt raised a prayer, searching for hope.

Amy, looking over at her from her low hassock-seat beside the door, wondered if her aunt really had to cry as she did.

"I don't suppose she realizes what she has lost, yet," stated Aunt Martha. Her voice sounded as though she would not be able to speak again.

Yes, three days had passed since the funeral. Little Amy still wandered about without a word to anyone. She seemed to cling to her little China figure more than before.

Retreating to her room to avoid all the "unnecessary" tears, Amy went over to the window sill, picked up the figure, and hugged it close to her. The warmth of the smile, the halo around the small head, the twinkling eyes, the petite baby—all these characteristics, reminded her of love. She associated these things with the times her mother had held her close.

Gently she kissed the radiant figurine and placed it back in its place. She whispered, "Mother," in a very soft voice and knew her mother was there.

Downstairs she could still hear the women talking. She knew her mother was gone, but she did not know for how long. To her, the amount of time between now and her return was inconceivable.

For days after her mother's death, Amy continued to finger the Holy figure as if to be carrying on a conversation with her mother.

From the arched window, she could see children romping in their merriment. Little did she care; she had her friend — the Mother and Baby Jesus. To her, it was a symbol of going and returning, just as her mother had told her. She could not remember the details, but she knew Mother had said, "I go . . . I return."

As Amy turned away from the window, she knocked the figure on the floor. Tears began to trickle down her angelic little face. She wept bitterly and long.

—JANIE TURNER



## Home Again For Me

I long to go home and walk by the sea,  
For this beach is mine and belongs to me.

To see the waves splash along the shore,  
And step on the shells scattered along the floor.

Do the seagulls still play in the water's edge,  
Or is there one over each wave's ridge?

Does the moonlight reflect on the sea,  
Or does the sky-blue heaven hide it unfree?

I would hum a song as I walked the shore,  
And remember things I had done there before.

When I return home and walk on my beach,  
I will find my happiness I now try to reach.

—HARRIET GADDY

---

## Impatience

I have been sitting here, in this one position, for what seems like an eternity. What have I seen? Nothing, as usual, except for a few squirrels, which do not seem to realize that it is past time for them to be out in this cold weather. Actually, I should not criticize them, because here I sit, out in the cold, when I could be in front of a warm fireplace.

This is getting harder and harder to bear. It seems as if I am the only one who is alive, out in this miserable place, even though I know others are nearby. I wonder if they can possibly be as uncomfortable and fed up with this as I am. Some of them come out here every available chance. How they can enjoy this silent and cold place is beyond me. Janice is probably beside the fireplace laughing to herself. I believe she somehow knew that I would not enjoy this as much as I pretended I would. Well! She is certainly right! I can take no more. I am going, and I hope some over-anxious hunter doesn't blast me. That would really climax a great deerhunt.

—ERNEST A. KORNOHRENS

## Personal Enmity

Tis true we love our fellowman  
    Endeavor to serve, to understand  
But do we in desperation not wish  
    The burden were another's, not mine?

How often do we groan for another's distress  
    But when still another through human weakness  
Loses favor and plows the grime, we sneer to say  
    "Of this ill fate, he surely deserves."

O pounding, crashing, cleansing, mighty sea,  
O sun, however perfect in constancy you be,  
Cleanse my weakness and my wickedness;  
Sever me from myself—this grubbing, snatching  
    selfish me.

Lest I in shame be compelled to hide or flee  
To cry, "Damned am I, doomed and wretched to be."  
Lest tears o'er veil my fiendish eyes;  
And I in humiliation cry, "O how lucky fate  
    would be

If I like those blind, eyeless fish of the dark,  
    under bottomless caved abyss  
Might too be hurled under earth and sky and sea  
    into nothingness."  
All is wretchedness, futility  
Can I never find respite from myself?

—CAROL GIBSON

---

## Companion

As I walked down Life's treacherous path  
I found a companion, more traveled than I.  
Her name was Hope.

"You've been this path before," I said.  
"Help me in my endless quest."  
Mystically, she smiled.

"My dear child, this is **your** Life.  
I am only to encourage you.  
Don't ask my aid.

This much I am allowed to tell you:  
Have Faith, Honor, Loyalty, Truth,  
Justice, Integrity, Love.

These, along with me, will help you to succeed.  
But as for the path of Life you take . . .  
The choice is yours."

—SANDRA KYTLE





